ACCUSED OF MURDERING TWO BABIES, STEPMOTHER FIGHTS FOR FREEDOM WITH AID OF LITTLE VICTIM'S FATHER

PROTESTS CHILDREN WERE DROWNED BY ACCIDENT IN CISTERN

Mrs. Frieda Zimmerman Declares She Loved Them Like a Real Mother—Woman Foreman of the Jury Announces Acquittal After Sixteen Hours of Struggle With Male Jurors.

WAUKESHA, Wis., June 10.

FOR two weeks a woman fought for her freedom in this town against a charge of murder in the first degree in one of the most tragic trials staged in State history.

The woman is a stepmother, and the charge of double murder was brought against her after the bodies of her two stepchildren were found drowned in the cistern in the rear of their home.

A tremendous public sentiment developed against Mrs. Frieda Zimmerman from the minute the babies were found dead. She was put through an ordeal by the district attorney and the police that nearly brought about insanity.

While there were no witnesses to the death of the children, Elmer, who was nine, and Ruth, who was seven years old, a strong net of circumstantial evidence was cast about the accused woman and her arrest was almost immediate. She was herself childless; she had quarreled with her husband, Otto, about the children, and she had been seen near the cistern with a broom about the time of the little ones' death.

THE FATHER'S FAITH.

Among the populace of the entire town just one person stepped forward to champion the accused woman and that was the father of the dead children, Otto Zimmerman, the husband of the woman on trial.

And he cried passionately before the woman went on the stand:

"No matter what the decision of the jury, Frieda will still be my wife. Not the world nor the courts can rob me of her. She is innocent. I know it because she told me she was innocent.

"That is the best part of all the trouble that has come to us. No matter what the jury may say I shall still be able to look into my wife's eyes and reassure her that she is free of guilt or suspicion of guilt in my heart.

"Could I go against her, even if I wanted to? She is all I have, now that my children are dead. I always loved her, and now I love her more than ever. It takes great grief like ours to make people realize what love is. Oh, yes, we quarreled, and our quarrels have been made to seem terrible by what people have said of them, but they were just family quarrels, such as all married folks must have, and we were never bitter afterward.

"It was too bad—oh, much too bad, that we should have quarreled just before the children died, but I understand that better than other people, and I know that my wife did not kill the children and that she did not wish them to die."

The known facts of the case have been few and clear from the beginning. Mrs. Zimmerman was found, highly excited, at the telephone one evening last December by her brother. She had a broom in her hand. She cried to him that the children had fallen into the cistern together, while playing, and that she was unable to get them out. Mr. Zimmerman came in soon after, and she, weeping, told him. In a rush of terror the father ran to the cistern and drew out the two bodies.

ORDEAL BY INTERROGATION.

By that time the uproar in the neighborhood attracted the attention of the police, and the coroner came to take charge of the bodies and the district attorney took Mrs. Zimmerman away a prisoner. For two days they questioned her in an attempt to force a confession of murder from her, but the woman was a granite before their interrogations.

Worn out from the ordeal she went on the witness stand to defend herself. For hour after hour the prosecutor harried her, checking and rechecking every statement, probing into the most intimate details of the life of the family; then swinging back to periods before she had met her husband. So extended and intensive was the cross-examination that the judge finally interfered, with this ruling:

"This defendant cannot be expected to defend herself successfully over so prolonged an interval of time. Whatever family troubles this woman may have had so far back may well have been wiped away long before the death of the children."

Mrs. Zimmerman on the stand appeared a natural illustration for the story that she told of her life; a farmer's daughter, unused to city ways, who had been a family drudge till her youth was gone and the last dream of romance faded. Then marriage to the middle-aged widower and month after month of steady toil, interrupted only by petty quarrels.

The prosecutor questioned her about her health, the color and quality of her clothing, the cost of her step-children's clothes and the cause of the quarrel with her husband just before the double death. she answered:

THE STEP-MOTHER'S STORY.

"Otto, my husband, began telling me how much more his first wife did for him and the children than I did. That was why we quarreled."

She paused and glanced around the court, as though seeing a friendly face, but seemed to find none. She sighed and went on, in a voice that carried a suggestion of futility:

"I knew she didn't do as much for him as I did. Why, I even mended and washed his overalls and she never did that! And the children—I did my best to save the children, my very best."

She did not say that she loved the children. Somehow she seemed to sense in that atmosphere, such a statement would have provoked sardonic mirth. Step-mothers are not credited with love for step-children in the tradition of the stratum of society in which the Zimmerman's live. So Mrs. Zimmerman emphasized only that she had tried to save them, and that there was no hatred for them in her heart. Then she went on:

"They were playing near the cistern. The cover was off it. Elmer wanted to swim his little ducks and Ruthy was helping him. I was busy in the house. I did not want them to go near the cistern—but, well, they wanted to, and what could I do?"

What she wanted to convey was that the business of being a stepmother carries limitations of authority that are felt as keenly by the stepmother as any other person involved in the relationship. The woman continued:

"When I looked out and saw them gone I ran to the cistern with the broom still in my hand. I screamed to them. I thrust the broom way down into the water and screamed for Ruthy to take hold, but she did not answer. I was wild, crazed.

"I stood by the cistern I don't know how long. Then I went to the house and back again to the cistern, then back to the house, to and fro, I don't know how long; I don't remember it so well. It all seems terrible.

"Just as I was about to telephone for help my brother came in. He asked me what I was crying for. I was just shaking. I told him about the children. He got the lantern and I told him not to touch anything in an accident of that kind because he might get into trouble. I had always been told

Otto Zimmermann.

not to touch anything when there was such an accident until the coroner or the doctor or the police came.

THE FATHER ARRIVES.

"I was going to call up the sheriff or someone. I did not know who to call. Then Otto came. I told him not to faint—to sit down—and that the children had fallen into the cistern.

"The cover was off the cistern, I told him, and Ruthy and Elmer had fallen into the water. He asked me why I did not save them. I told him that I had done all that I could and that I could not save them.

"Then he ran out of the house into the darkness of the yard, screaming:

" 'They are my children and I'm going to get them out of there!'

"He pulled up Ruthy and he said that she was dead. I said that she wasn't. Then he pulled Elmer out and began to work the child's arms, and then he said that Elmer was dead, too, and I said that he wasn't, that he couldn't be, and it did not seem that he could. It did not seem that both of them could be dead. Then the doctor came and looked at them and shook his head—you know, like doctors do at such a time—and said he was sorry but it was too late."

HOPE OF THE DEFENSE.

Again she paused, dry-eyed, though that may have been because she had no more tears to weep. As the last syllable of the tale of death echoed softly through the stilled courtroom, the attorney for the defense, A. O. Shannon, rose and faced her. For a moment that stretched like a minute, and then he said very quietly:

"Did you notice Elmer's sleeves?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Describe how they appeared to you."

"They were rolled up," replied Mrs. Zimmerman, and a tremor seemed to sway her on the stand. "They were rolled up and the right sleeve was rolled higher than the left sleeve, but both were rolled up."

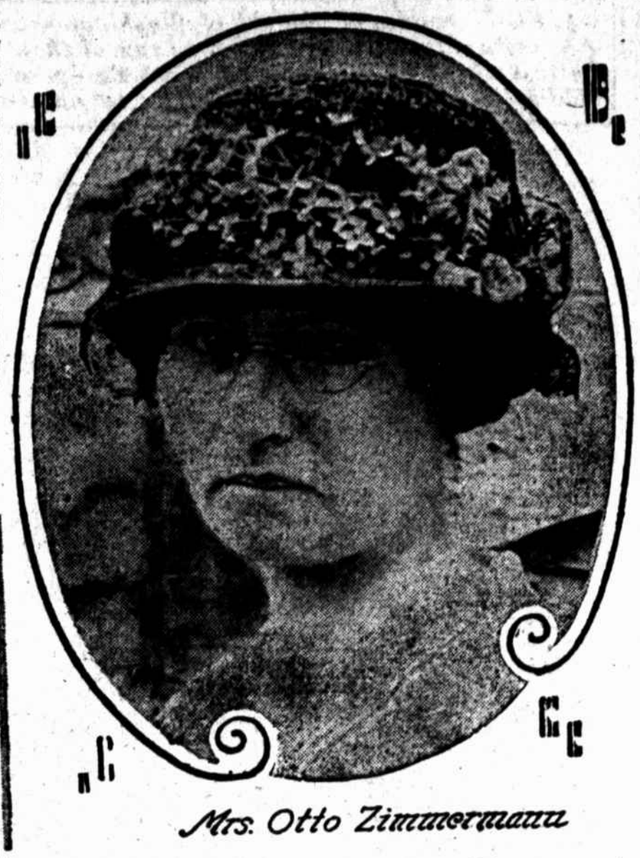
It would not have done for her to be uncertain on that point for the whole defense was pivoted on it. If the child's sleeves, the boy's sleeves, were rolled up it was evidence that he had been playing in the water as rolled sleeves indicated preparations for a dabbling party with the ducks. The girl's sleeves were short anyway and not susceptible of rolling, but Elmer wore a sweater.

The stepmother's attorney paused again to let that sink into the jury box. He had time and to spare. For months, this woman had been in the hands of the prosecution in jail. Now it was her turn, and he was determined that she should have all the space necessary to set forth her story in full.

THE GHASTLY JOURNEY.

Then Mrs. Zimmerman was asked to tell what happened when the District Attorney took her in charge after the children's deaths and she answered:

"He took me in a carriage to the undertaker's to see them. All the way over, he kept saying to me: 'You did push them in, didn't you?' and all the time I answered him: 'I didn't push them in. They fell in.' So we came to the undertaker's, and when I saw the children, I put my hand on Ruthy's face and said:



Mrs. Otto Zimmermann

" 'Oh, dead, dear, why didn't you stay away from the cistern?'

I put my hand on Elmer's face too and I said to him;

" 'Why didn't you leave the ducks alone until Daddy came home?'

"From the day they died, for four days afterward, I did not sleep from the thoughts of it. But always the District Attorney kept asking me: 'You know you did this, don't you?' And when I would tell him that I did not do it, he would keep on saying:

"Now look me straight in the face when you say that—for you are lying, and you know you are lying!'

"But I was not lying then—I am not lying now."

And as she left the stand she said to a newspaper man:

"I am not afraid any more, no matter what happens. I have told them the truth!"

THE HUSBAND'S TESTIMONY.

A few witnesses came after her—boarders who had lived in the house from time to time, and who said that she had been a kind and careful mother to the children, a good housekeeper, a faithful wife. Then the husband, nervous in his eagerness to defend the woman, extravagant in his praise of her, until the counsel for the defense steadied him, and then he elapsed into a recital that was eloquent in its simple sincerity, saying:

"Frieda, my wife, worked with me and for me and the children always. When we were married, three years ago, I had but $50 to my name, and she knew that. We started to save to buy ourselves a little home. She helped me save just as she helped me work.

"She sold eggs, did washing and ironing when she could, and went without enough clothing just so we could get more money together for our home. I even fixed the children's shoes over myself, and Frieda made over their clothing, that we all might have our home the sooner.

"We had quarrels, yes, like all families have; but I think we got along together as well as the average family. I can think of only three quarrels in three years, and that is not many."

THE OMINOUS DISPUTE.

Then came Mrs. Bertha Langles, one of the State's stellar witnesses, who declared she heard Mrs. Zimmerman cry out to the children:

"I'll kill you both!"

Pressed closely concerning the time of this alleged threat the witness said that it was within the last two years, and as such it went into the record, over the challenge of the defense.

But later, Mrs. Langles changed her mind regarding the time element, and was re-called to state that the time was more than two years ago. Whereupon, Judge Davison ordered the original question and answer stricken from the record and instructed the jury to ignore it, but the defense feared its damaging effect regardless of the court's order, because that order could not physically wipe it from the jurors minds.

PROFESSES LOVE FOR BABES.

At the end of her day on the stand, Mrs. Zimmerman in her cell declared that she loved the children with all the love that she would have felt were they her own flesh and blood and she exclaimed:

"I'd be willing to stay in jail forever if only that would bring them back. It's losing them for always that makes the future seem so empty and the present so hard.

"If I could only know that after this trial I'd be able to hold Elmer and Ruth in my arms once more and know they were safe I think I would be able to smile again.

"I loved those children. Why, Ruthy was only a baby when I married her father. And they loved me, too. They called me 'mother.'

"They are praying for me now, I know—in heaven. I feel it. Sometimes I can almost feel their very prayers, and then I don't care what happens to me.

"They were good children, Elmer and Ruthy, as nice as anybody ever had, and because I had no children of my own I gave them all the love I had."

Mrs. Zimmerman broke down there and wept, convulsively. After an interval, she added:

"If it weren't for Otto I wouldn't care what they did to me. But he has been so good and stayed by me so strongly all through this trouble that I want to go back to him and help him. They were his children! But he knows I didn't do this terrible thing.

"All my life I've worked hard. At thirteen my mother died and I had the work of the whole family to do, three girls and a boy, all younger than me. It's been hard—all my life has been hard—and sometimes now I wonder whether it's worth going on with at all—after this!"

For sixteen hours the jury deliberated and then—Mrs. Zimmerman was acquitted.

GOURMET'S GUIDE FOR PARISIANS TO ELIMINATE CUISINE CHAOS

The Tower of Babel of Cookery Presents Many Difficulties to the Uninitiated—We Find the Greatest Chefs in the French Capital, and the Art of Cooking Has Reached Great Heights.

PARIS, the home of master chefs, is at last to have a "gastronomical guide book." The man who has dared to undertake this manumental task is Marcel Rouff, bon vivant and member of the French publishing house of Rouff.

Thinking to divert its readers somewhat from solemn questions, such as a Russian debt and the German indemnity, which are keeping the French in a state of hectic excitement, the Revue Hebdomadaire, a Paris weekly, published as a genial interlude the following prefatory article by M. Rouff. To Americans it will seem—in the wet spots—like the memoirs of an antediluvian.

Is it necessary (says M. Rouff) to speak of the immense difficulties encountered in preparing a gourmet's guide to Paris?

How can one formulate any clear conception of a city which is the epitome of all the good eating and drinking under the sun; where one finds side by side, in the shadow of the great gastronomical art, and confined to no special region, the most marvelous wine cards, wondrous creations of Perigord, Anglo-Saxon whiskeys, Norman white wines, Alsatian meats, "Muscovy eggs," English broils, provincial boulabaisses, miracles from Bugey, Swiss "Desaleys," Italian pastries—and who knows what else!

CULINARY INVENTIONS.

Paris is the Tower of Babel of cookery, and the first difficulty met with by the gourmet is to resist a certain dangerous curiosity, to eliminate at the outset all that exoticism in food which has nothing to do with the pure French cuisine, to establish order out of chaos as the basis of his researches.

The most remarkable culinary inventions have certainly originated in the capital; the sauce bearnaise, invented as Montagne recalls, at the Pavilion Henry Quatre, at Saint-Germain; the poulet braise financiere, a creation of Casimir, chef of the Maison Doree, le poulet, saute Archduke, potatoes Anna, the lobster, Thermidor, the sauce Mornay, the pudding a la diplomate, probably imagined in the kitchens of Chateaubriand by his chef, Montmirel; the potage Camerani of the Cafe Anglais, with its foundation of fowl's livers; the potage Germiny, the tournedos Rossini, ducks, a la Presse, sautes de foie gras frais, coq en pate, etc., etc.

It is here that one draws the prizes, and such prizes as no part of the world can display the like of or anything even approaching them. Obviously the whole glory of the school of Paris lives in these magnificent names like the names of victorious battles.

However, when you read the list of striking recipes you will not discover at first sight any unity in the arrangement of materials or in the theory of seasoning by which, for example, we know that the foie gras, the truffle and the preserved delicacy belong to the cookery of Perigord. If we desired to cite the Parisian dish incomparable, the dish specifically Parisan, good heavens! Is there any doubt about what we should choose—the French fried potato, more familiarly and briefly known as "la frite."

TREATY BAN NEEDED.

Here arises a question of immense importance, for it is a fact that out of a thousand dishes of French fried potatoes there are not five truly successful, in which the tubers are just right, golden, crisp, neither too dry nor too oily, and above all without that horrible fried taste by which they are too often dishonored.

Oh! the French fried potatoes of Germany! The Treaty of Versailles would have done well to forbid these barbarians from making not only munitions of war, but also French fried potatoes. Indeed, had the gentlemen who negotiated the peace been really enlightened they would simply have forbidden them of all cookery whatsoever!

And now a query must be put: Can one eat as well at Paris as in the provinces? Or rather the question does not arise at all. Once more, Montague has been thousand times right at threw down the gage of war in the face of those who deny that one can.

It is self-evident that a city which has given birth to or harbored and satisfied the palates of such gourmets as Messieurs de Souvre, d'Olonne, as Barrere and Barras, as Louis the Eighteenth and Charles the Tenth, as Talleyrand and Cambaceres (for one must seek the true and sacred union of the human fraternity upon culinary ground), as Grimod and de la Reyniere and the Marquis de Cussy, as Sanin, Corvisart, Monselet, as Dr. Vernon, the Baron Braisse—a city which has inspired Brillat-Savarin, and pleased the fine, the very fine, taste of Edward VIII—it is clear that a city which can write with the names upon its Pantheon, the names of such artists in cuisine as Careme, Richaud, Plumenaey, Chaussel, Bernard, Gouffe, Dubois, Fabre, Vuillemont, Escoffier, Montague, Mignon, is a city that dominates the world of the palate, even as the Parthenon dominated the antique world.

However, it is only fair to remark here: If Paris undeniably possesses the royalty of the cooking art—which it shares indeed with certain provinces, Bugey, Bordelais, Bourgogne—it is necessary to yield to the rest of the country in good, plain fare, abundant, healthful and delicious, the fare of the home and the inn.

This is easy to understand. First of all, in the provinces, where distances are short and the producers always at hand, one has time to cook, and, as a general rule, with the exception of certain delicacies that lend themselves to hasty preparation, time is one of the supreme elements of good cooking.

In the second place, the cost of living is assuredly not so high at Saint-Lo, at Perigueux, or at Bauge, as it is in the capital. One can therefore more easily buy the choicest food, and above all more liberally use butter, which is, whatever you may say, with certain goose-fats, the king of cookery.

To get our ideas perfectly straight, let us repeat: with the exception of a man like Pernollet, at Belley, for example, it is at Paris that we find the greatest chefs. It is in the provinces that we find the "blue ribbons."

CELEBRATED COTERIE.

And, as nothing that pertains to the art of gastronomy is strange to Paris, it is Paris that gave to the provincial gods of the range that charming title by which we proclaim their merit today. Messieurs d'Olonne, de Souvre, de Lavardin, de Montemart and de Laval, all of the "glorious ribbon of Saint Louis," formed a celebrated coterie of gourmands. They were accustomed to speak and think both of their food and its royal makers in this fashion: "It is a blue ribbon dinner" then "It is a blue ribbon cook"; and finally "It is a blue ribbon."

All the world knows that the director of the restaurant Larue, M. Nignon, is a great chef; that Voisin owns one of the first cellars of Paris; that L'Escargot, of Rue Montorgueil, is verily in a class by himself; that La Perouse is incomparable; that Foyot's reputation is as old as that of the Tour d'Argent. All the world knows Viel, Laurent, Paillard, le Cafe de Paris.

If, however, we take special delight in certain ones of these establishments, or of others that justly enjoy the same standing—a house like that of Montagne, for example, the great man of the kitchen doubled on the excellent man of the pen, it is because they offer some originality either of the wine list or the menu.

In the large as well as in the little restaurants, what has made and still makes the incomparable glory of Paris in cuisine are the creations with which she has blessed the civilized world—in so far as that part of the civilized world which is not Paris can reproduce them. Paris is assuredly the only city of the white race where the art of cooking has such a solidly established tradition and repertoire, and at the same time an activity so vital and creative.

FLAMBEAU TELLS OF GIRL ARTISTS

(Continued from Page 5.)

could not be omitted, though the black rosette marking one of her pictures told the sad story. Her place as instructor on the Corcoran staff has never been filled.

But there are other artists in Washington, less known perhaps, but doing excellent work. And one of these is Miss Sarah Norwood Bartle, a miniature painter, who lives at the Cecil, and who has returned to Washington, her early home, after many years spent in New York and abroad. Miss Bartle's miniatures painted upon ivory have been greatly admired for their delicacy, freedom, and the interesting landscape backgrounds which she has successfully introduced. Among her commissions have been many people of note, including Mrs. Benjamin Thaw, of Newport, who was also painted by Frank Benson. A miniature of the son, Blair Thaw, was treasured by the family, especially so as young Thaw was killed in the war. Miss Bartle has of late years taken up oil painting, in which she has also been successful. She studied in Washington years ago, then went to New York under Carroll Beckwith, and later studied abroad.

PAINTED HARDING.

Another charming miniaturist, new to Washington, though widely know in New York and London, and now spending the season here, is Miss Edith Mindola Whitehead, of the Westminister apartments. She has just made a fine miniature portrait of President Harding, who is said to like the picture very much. Miss Whitehead exhibited at the Art Center, the League of American Penwomen's Book Fair, and elsewhere. She had some notable portraits, splendidly executed, including the lovely Countess Tolstoi, who is Miss Whitehead's cousin, and one of the late Senator Knox, said to be an excellent likeness.

A quiet Warshington artist, who is nevertheless doing some very good work, is Miss Clara Weisman, who recently completed a fine portrait of William Leander Post, widely known in public work here and in New York. Miss Weisman, who has been occupied a good deal with outdoor sketching this spring, was caught the other day by the movie man while she was making a picture along the Potomac. She painted last summer at Woodstock. A little later she will hold an exhibition. Miss Weisman, who lives at the Naples Apartments, studied in St. Louis and at the Art Students' League in New York, afterward continuing her studies in Paris, London, Holland and Belgium.

But the real Bohemia of Washington belongs, perhaps, to Miss Dorothy Trout, one of the younger set, who has evolved a true Greenwich Village studio in the alley at the rear of Sunset Inn, Thomas Circle, entered from N street, just off Fourteenth street northwest. Miss Trout has remodeled the loft of the late Bishop Satterlee's old stable ehere, and made an attractive apartment, with French windows and good light, where she has a regular school and daily classes. Among the artists working here with Miss Trout are Norman Perry Moore, Phil Adams, Miss Heliprin, Miss McCartney and Miss Leverton Two excellent French models, M. and Mme. Du Pau, have posed for them regularly this season.

WON CORCORAN MEDAL.

Miss Trout held an exhibition of her work at the Arts Club during the spring, when she showed some brilliant oil and water color compositions with many Provincetown scenes. She is a Washington girl, winner of the Corcoran gold medal, and studied with E. A. Webster and Charles W. Hawthorne at Provincetown,

Another Washington artist who is less well known than she deserves to be is Miss Anna Milo Upjohn, of the Red Cross, where she has a delightful studio, with lots of real pictures which she made abroad. For Miss Upjohn, who is a grand-daughter of the noted founder of the American Institute of Architects, Richard Upjohn, has been abroad for several years, visiting all parts of Europe for the Red Cross, to make pictures of native children. She was in every country, she said, except three, Ireland, Iceland and Norway. Her work is used to illustrate the Junior Red Cross movement, which is making children of all lands known to one another. Miss Upjohn studied in Paris, with the famous Spanish painter Castelucho.

But Washington has proved so attractive to out-of-town artists this season that one could name nearly a dozen successful women painters or sculptors who have visited and exhibited here. Miss Clara Greenleaf Perry was one of these, with an attractive showing of French scenes and portraits at the Art Center. Miss Perry is particularly successful with children's portraits. She also had many views painted in Lafayette's country, including the old chateau of Chavagnac, where Lafayette was born.

During the war Miss Perry distinguished herself as an automobile driver in France, but when the French learned that she was an artist they made her give up driving and devote herself to painting.

On her return she crossed on the same steamer as Marshal Foch, whom she did not forget to salute in military fashion.

Miss Virginia Hargraves Wood is another out-of-town artist who had a very successful season here, doing portrait heads, in pastel, chalk, and watercolor. One of the most pleasing was that of Miss Eugenia Le Merle, of Washington, and there were also a number of fascinating children's portraits.

U. S. Asked to Supply World-Wide Wants

Have you any chrysoprase or varisicitis to sell? If so, write the Department of Commerce, foreign trade division. Dr. Julius Klein, the director, has requests for 'em on his desk from Australia. If you don't know what they are, they are precious stones.

Our South American neighbors in Brazil are more prosaic in their wants. They are asking for self-cleaning cuspidors and sanitary drinking fountains.

Canada wants moving picture machines and wireless telephone sets.

With the Volstead act putting a crimp in the business over her, anybody with a left-over stock of bungs and bung pegs can find a ready market for them in England. The British also want garbage cans.

Ditto above. The French are asking for oak casks.

Ditto again. Chile asks for corks.

The Prohibition Bureau, with an eye to business, might fill the order from Mexico for alcohol distilling plants, by shipping down some of the wild cat stills seized over the country.

Evidently all the Italian bootblacks are not over here. There's a request from Italy for shoe polish.

Musical instruments are in demand in Palestine and Spain.

The canny Scots want calculating machines.

Poor old Siberia would like a square meal of dried fruits and vegetables and prepared milk.